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MAPHINE,

OR

THE ❀ TRUE ❀ LOVERS.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA.

BY M. A. BLIVEN.

MAPHINE,

OR

THE TRUE LOVERS.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA.

Representing New England Scenes of Thirty or Forty Years Ago.

5 ACTS. 18 SCENES.

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M. A. BLIVEN.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Morton.	Fannie Morton.
Levay Allen.	Maphine Farsé.
Andrew Farsé.	Helen Jones.
Mr. More.	Mrs. More.
George Evans.	Mr. Born.
Boy.	Girl.
Episcopal Minister.	Policeman.
Sambo Johnson, (colored.)	Dinah, (colored.)
Doff Waite, (colored.)	Rosanna, (colored.)

Mr. Barté.

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ACT FIRST.

Scene First.

PRETTY FANNIE MORTON.

(*An old-fashioned dining room with table spread for dinner; Fannie Morton, a beautiful young lady, dressed old style; Dinah, a colored servant girl, with bandana 'round her head, arranging the table; Fannie places a pitcher of water upon the table and says*): "I believe dinner is all ready. I wish father would come. Victuals are better warm than cold. I want to get through with dinner, for I'm expecting company this afternoon. Helen Jones said she was coming over; and we are going down to the oak and willow."

Dinah. "Oh Missy! I heerd dat Sambo Johnson run'd away todder day."

(*Fannie looks up with surprise and says*): "Who told you, Dinah?"

Dinah. "Dat gal what libes to Mas'r Peckhams."

Fannie. "Do you mean Rosana Perry?"

Dinah. "Yes Missy."

(*Just then the door opens; in comes Mr. Morton, a dignified gentleman, dressed old style; takes off his hat, places it upon a table, turns around to Fannie and says*): "Is dinner ready?"

Fannie. "Yes father, and I'm glad you've come."

(*Mr. Morton and Fannie sit down to dinner, Dinah standing just back of their chairs; they commence eating in a hurry; Mr. Morton tastes of the water, looks around to Dinah in a commanding way and says*): "Dinah, when was this water brought?"

(*Mr. Morton hands the pitcher to Dinah and says*): "Dinah, take this pitcher and get some cold water."

Dinah. "Yes sah."

(*Dinah takes the pitcher, brings the water, then stands just one side of Mr. Morton's chair.*)

Fannie. "Father, how do you like your new clerk?"

Mr. Morton. "Very well, very well indeed. I guess he's going to be just what I want; good penman."

Fannie. "Rather good looking."

Mr. Morton. "Well, yes, looks well enough, but its not the looks I'm after—its the work."

(*Fannie, laughing*): "I know you are a great worker, papa, and like to see others work."

Mr. Morton. "We have to work if we get anything in these days."

Fannie. "I don't know but I shall be down to the office this afternoon. If Helen Jones comes over, we are going down to the oak and willow for a swing."

Mr. Morton. "Very well."

Mr. Morton (*to Dinah.*) "Dinah, don't get a lot of darkies in here while your mistress is out."

Dinah. "No sah."

(*Dinah then sits down to dinner, eats and acts foolish.*)

(*Mr. Morton takes his hat, steps to the door, turns toward Fannie saying*): "Fannie, who do you think came into the store this morning?"

Fannie. "Well, father, I can't guess. I'm not good at guessing; do tell."

Mr. Morton. "One of the smartest young men in town."

Fannie. "I know whom you mean—George Evans; you are always telling how smart he is;, but somehow I

never liked his looks—looks foppish."

Mr. Morton. "Well, he's got the dollars, or, at least his father has. Judge Evans and his family stand high in society."

Fannie. "He can keep his dollars for all me. People want something besides dollars to make them happy."

Mr. Morton. "Hush, my child, you are inexperienced. *Money* brings us all the luxuries, besides, it gives one power and position."

Fannie. "I guess it won't buy love."

Mr. Morton. "I say love! There are two or three kinds of love, sensible love and foolish love."

Fannie. "Papa, what do you call sensible love?"

Mr. Morton. "I don't know as I can explain it at present, I'm somewhat in a hurry, but I'll tell you what I call foolish love; and that is for a handsome young lady to set her heart upon some poor young man who has nothing but his day's pay to depend upon."

(*Fannie drops her head whilst Dinah makes up faces as Mr. Morton passes out.*)

ACT FIRST.

Scene Second.

GOING TO THE OAK AND WILLOW.

(*Same dining room; Dinah clearing the table; Fannie all ready for a walk; a rap at the door. Dinah opens it; Helen Jones inquires for Fannie; is shown into the dining room, Fannie rises, shakes hands, passes compliments, saying*): "Helen, be seated. I'm very glad you've come; I'd almost given you up. Won't you lay off your things?"

Helen. "No, thank you; if we are going down to the oak and willow for a swing, its time we started."

Helen. "O, Fanny, have you seen George Evans since he came home? He's looking fine."

Fannie. "I never took much fancy to George, he's too much of a dandy."

Helen. "Pshaw, Fannie, you are fooling; I call him good looking. I hear your father has a new clerk. How do you like him?"

Fannie. "Oh, he is a good, sensible looking fellow."

(*Dinah turns 'round to the girls and says*): "Missy, I say he look mighty han'some when he call here todder night—he look like a shentleman." (*Girls laugh.*)

Helen. "Now you've said it, Dinah, does he call to see Fannie?"

Dinah. "You don't s'poses he call to see me."

Helen. "No, Dinah, Sambo would pull your wool."

Fannie. "Well, Helen, if we are going out, let's be going."

(*So saying, start. Dinah wipes her hands and laughs, saying*): "I'm going to try on Missy Fannie's new bonnet, and see how I look in it." (*Passes into another room, soon returns with the bonnet in her hand, steps up to a large mirror and trys it on and says:*) "Golly, don't I looks grand, spose Sambo see me now! (*Finally begins singing "Old Zip Coon" or some other nigger ditty and steps it out. Fannie enters almost catching Dinah with the bonnet on. Dinah snatches off the bonnet and holds it behind her and backs out of the room and returns immediately.*)

Fannie. "Dinah, what were you doing?"

Dinah. "Nuffin, Missy, nuffin."

Fannie. "Dinah, you've been into something, I know."

Dinah. "True's de Lawd, Missy, hope to die."

Fannie. "Have you seen my fan?"

Dinah. "Yes, Missy, right dere on de table." (*Fannie takes the fan and passes out. Dinah in a comical position, curtain falls.*)

ACT SECOND.

Scene First.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

(*Fannie and Helen seated upon a rustic seat under a large oak tree; rope thrown over a large limb for a swing; Fannie says*): "This is a lovely spot, is it not? I should like to come here every day."

Helen. "Well, you may come here for all me. I don't see anything so very lovely in trees: and there is nothing else but a spring and brook."

Fannie. "Just look at those beautiful ferns around that moss covered rock. Seems to me I never saw such a lovely sunset. Its just resplendent, blending in blue, pink and gold."

Helen. "I don't know but you see beauty in a sunset; but, for my part, I can't see any."

(*Just then a little ragged girl, about eight years old, comes up with a beseeching look and says*): "Ladies, will you please give me a few pennies?"

Fannie. "Whose little girl are you, and what's your name?"

Child. "My father's name is Andrew Farsé, and my name is Maphine Farsé."

Fannie. "Have you a mother?"

Child (*very sad.*) "No, lady, she died of a broken heart last summer, that is, I heard Mrs. More say so."

Helen. "Do you live down in that old house by Mr. More's?"

Child. "Yes, marm."

(*Fannie and Helen give some pennies, Fannie saying*): "I will come down and see you some day. Would you like to have company?"

Child. "Yes, marm."

(*Child turns 'round and says*): "Thank you, ladies." (*Child runs away.*)

Fannie to Helen. "Do you know that little girl?"

Helen. "I've seen her down to Mr. More's."

Fannie. "It's a sad sight to see the poor little thing begging."

Helen. "Yes, it is. Mrs. More said her father drank up everything, and sometimes abused his child if she refused to go out begging; and most of the money he spends for liquor."

Fannie. "I should think the selectmen would look after the child."

Helen. "I should say look after the child! If they meddle with him, they lose a vote; that's what Mr. More said."

Fannie. "Has he always drank like that?"

Helen. "No, he was once a good husband and father, but you see he fell into bad company."

Fannie. "That will ruin any one."

Helen. "Mrs. More said his wife was a lovely woman, who died broken hearted."

Fannie (*almost in tears.*) "I wish some one would

take the poor child and give her a good home: did you notice what a sweet, sad little face?"

(*Just then George Evans, a foppish looking young man passes; sees the girls, stops and shakes hands, passes compliments.*)

George. "Have some seats, girls, don't be in such a hurry." (*Helen and George sit down, Helen saying*): "What's the news, George?"

George. "I suppose you've heard all about Miss Ida Lewis, the American Grace Darling, being presented with a testimonial lifeboat."

Helen. "Yes, I saw that in the New York World; and in the same paper, I saw where the Harvard College crew was defeated by the Oxford a length and a half."

George. "I hear that Walter Smith is going to enter Harvard."

Helen. "Yes, that is so, he is going to fit himself for a profession."

George. "Miss Morton, I've just come from your father's office. I see that he has a new clerk."

Fannie. "Yes, Levay Allen is working in the office."

George. "He seems to be quite a gontleman."

Helen. "Don't praise him to Fannie, she's already in love with him."

Fannie, looking meek and bashful says): "It's getting late, Helen, let's be going." (*All start in a hurry.*)

ACT SECOND.

Scene Second.

MR. MORTON'S OFFICE.

(*Inside of a gentleman's office. Mr. Morton seated at*

the desk looking over ledger; Helen Jones and George Evans stand near each other laughing and talking in a low tone. Fannie Morton stands near a table at which Levay Allen is seated with ledger before him. They are looking very affectionately at each other and talking in a confidential way. Young man enters somewhat intoxicated, goes up to the desk where Mr. Morton is sitting and says): "How do, old man, got any new rum?"

Mr. Morton. "No, sir, don't deal in that kind of stuff; should think you had got about what you could carry."

Drunken Man. "What do you take me to be? I'm about as stout as the best of them, and can carry as much new rum. Well, old man, guess I'll be going, will you tell me where I can get some?"

Mr. Morton. "I guess you'll find some round the the corner."

(*Drunken man starts towards the door, turns around saying):* "All right. Good bye." (*Passes out.*)

(*Mr. Morton looks cross and says to Fannie):* "Fannie, it's time you was home; don't be bothering Levay." (*All look with surprise as the curtain falls.*)

ACT SECOND.

Scene Third.

SEE WHAT INTEMPERANCE WILL DO.

(*Scene in Mr. Morton's parlor; plain, old-fashioned parlor; Fannie sits reading; Dinah opens the door and shows in Levay Allen. Fannie rises, greets him with a sweet smile, saying):* "I've longed to see you all the morning." (*Soon they are seated.*)

Levay. "I'm glad to find you all alone; for I want to have a good, long talk with you."

Fannie. "I meant to have gone done to the office,

yesterday; but papa is so cross I dare not go."

Leray. "He's been dreadful cross of late, can't bear to have me speak to you; I don't know but I shall be obliged to leave the store."

Fannie. "I hope not. I should feel dreadfully to have you leave."

(*Fannie crys and wipes her eyes upon her apron; Leray puts his arm around her, very affectionately, and says*): "I wouldn't cry, Fannie, your father may be as cross and hateful as he pleases; it won't change my feelings toward you. I've always loved you and always shall for all him."

Fannie. "I don't believe he would say one word against you if it was not for George Evans; some how, he always tried to have me like George, but I hate him, I can't help it." (*Just then a rap at the door. Dinah enters with little ragged Maphine.*)

Fannie. "Why, this is Maphine."

Child. "My papa is very sick, would you please give me some pennies to buy a loaf of bread?"

Fannie. "Are you hungry?"

Child. "Yes, marm."

Fannie. "What were you crying about?"

Child. "Some boys threw stones and called me names."

(*Child very sad; Leray gives some pennies; Dinah stands in the door.*)

Fannie. "Dinah, take this little girl into the kitchen and give her all she wants to eat, and put some bread and cookies in that little pasket for her to take home." (*Child goes out with Dinah.*)

Fannie. "See what intemperance will do; her father drinks up all his earnings; and now he's sick, the poor little girl has to beg."

Levay. "It's strange how some men love liquor, better than their own children."

(*Levay takes out his watch and looks at it.*)

Fannie. "What time is it?"

Levay. "It's nearly eleven, and I must hurry to the store; if your father knew I was here, he'd have a fit."

(*Levay starts toward the door*): "He sent me up to Mrs. Laws to see about some socks she's knitting." (*Fannie follows toward the door; as the door closes Levay puts his head in and says*): "Fannie, I want to whisper in your ear," (*as Fannie puts her head up to his face, he snatches a kiss and shuts the door, curtain falls.*)

ACT SECOND.

Scene Fourth.

MAPHINE'S HOME.

(*An old, bad looking room, with old lounge, ragged bed clothes; sick man laying upon lounge, all bloated, and dressed in rags; Maphine sitting on an old chair, head laying on lounge fast asleep; old table with poor looking candle-stick, candle nearly burned out; big jug upon table, lettered with big letters, Whiskey. Dr. enters, walks up and puts his medicine box upon the table; steps to the lounge, takes hold of Maphine and raises her up; she jumps up and says*): "Oh, Dr. how you frightened me! Is papa worse?"

Doctor. "Wake up, wake up, my little girl; you're quite a nurse. I don't know how your father would get along without you."

(*Doctor examines the sick man; child tries to make the candle burn.*)

Doctor. "Bring me a couple of tumblers."

(*Child looks 'round and soon returns with two old cups and says*): "Will those do?"

Doctor. "Yes, those will do very nicely."

(*Doctor sits down and deals out the medicine, puts some into the cups, rises saying*): "Look here, Maphine." (*Child steps up to the Doctor.*)

Doctor. "Give this one every half hour: and that every hour; you must not go to sleep to-night; your father is very sick."

Maphine. "Will he die?"

(*Doctor shuts his box, and starts in a hurry.*)

(*Child gives her father his medicine, saying*): "Papa, take your medicine, it will make you well."

(*Sick man takes his medicine and calls for whiskey, saying*): "Maphine, give papa a little more whiskey."

Maphine. "No, no, papa, doctor says it's poison."

(*Sick man falls asleep; Maphine goes on tiptoe to the bed and says*): "Yes, papa's asleep, and I'm going to hide this jug."

(*Takes the jug and starts for the door as the curtain falls.*)

ACT THIRD.

Scene First.

HELEN JONES' PARTY.

(*A large room, without furniture, well lighted; small flags hang around the room; ladies all dressed in white; dresses made old style; curtain rises, some one playing the violin; all begin dancing. Fannie and Leray seen in front; George Evans also in front; all bow as the curtain falls. After bringing in some chairs the curtain rises. Fannie and Leray seated talking in a low tone;*

two couples dancing a jig; Helen Jones and George Evans stand near the door talking low; curtain falls at close of the dance.)

ACT THIRD.

Scene Second.

FANNIE MORTON IN TEARS.

(*Old-fashioned kitchen; Mr. Morton sits near the table; Dinah stands in front of the mirror arranging her hair, with turban in her hand.*)

Mr. Morton. "Where is Fannie?"

Dinah. "She's up stairs, Mas'r."

Mr. Morton. "It's time she was up; I suppose she went to the party last night."

Dinah. "Dun'no, Mas'r; she look like she sick."

Mr. Morton. "I should think she would be sick, going with that Levay Allen; you tell her to come here; I want to see her."

(*Dinah leaves the room, and soon returns with Fannie.*)

Fannie. "Good morning, papa. Dinah said you wanted to see me."

Mr. Morton. "Yes, I do want to see you; I suppose you were out all night at the party."

Fannie. "No, papa, I came home about twelve o'clock."

(*Dinah finishes her hair and starts to leave the room, turns 'round and peeks back, looks frightened.*)

Mr. Morton. "I suppose Levay was there."

(*Fannie hesitates but finally says*):

Fannie. "Yes, sir."

Mr. Morton. "And came home with you after I've forbidden your going with him."

(*Fannie begins crying and says*): "Why, papa! What makes you dislike Levay?"

Mr. Morton. "I say dislike him! I didn't hire him to be runinng around with you."

Fannie. "But, papa, he's an honorable young man."

Mr. Morton (*with scorn.*) "Yes, but as poor as a church-mouse and no prospect for the future."

Fannie (*with emotion.*) "He's not to blame for that. I shall always love him just the same."

Mr. Morton. "That shows just how much girls know. There's George Evans—a smart, good looking young man with plenty of means to take care of a wife; yet you'll persist in going 'round with that good-for-nothing Levay; I'll put a stop to it; if I can't one way, I will another."

(*Fannie with handkerchief to her face, goes up to her father, puts her arms 'round his neck, saying*): "Dear papa, please don't scold Levay, he's not to blame because I love him."

(*Mr. Morton pushes her off and says*): "I'll go to the office and see if that good-for-nothing scamp is going to ruin your prospects."

(*Mr. Morton starts in a hurry and Fannie stands wringing her hands and crying as the curtain falls.*)

ACT THIRD.

Scene Third.

(*Scene in Mr. Morton's office. Levay working at ledger. Mr. Morton enters, slams the door, looking ugly, walks to his desk, opens a large account book and says*): "Levay, I think you've been in employ long enough;

you seem more interested in my daughter than business."

(*Leray* (*with dignity.*) "Mr. Morton, I've not neglected my business, have always worked for your interest."

Mr. Morton (*with scorn.*) "I think I'm more capable of choosing my daughter's associates than she is herself."

Leray (*with dignity.*) "Very well, it may be so Mr. Morton; but I feel that I am just as good as you are. I have always tried to treat you with due respect, and as to your daughter, she's an angel."

Mr. Morton (*with rage.*) "You're a good-for-nothing up-start."

Leray (*calm and dignified.*) "Mr. Morton, you've given me some very nice compliments."

Mr. Morton (*with rage.*) "I'll give you compliments if you don't leave this office; you good-for-nothing whelp."

Leray. "Thank you, Mr. Morton. As I am to leave the office, we'll have a settlement, if you please."

(*Leray steps to desk where Mr. Morton is seated; Mr. Morton has the money ready and hands it to him. Leray looks it over and says*): "It's all right."

Leray starts for door; meets Maphine entering, who begs for pennies. Leray gives pennies, and turning to Mr. Morton, says): "Mr. Morton, you seem to look upon me with scorn; but the time will come when I shall marry your daughter, and you'll be proud to know she is my wife."

(*Mr. Morton jumps up angrily, says*): "Get out of here you ragmuffin." (*Starts toward Leray and upsets a box out of which tumble some empty bottles marked New Rum.*) *Curtain falls.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene Fourth.

THE TOKEN OF LOVE.

(*Scene in Mr. Morton's parlor; Dinah enters with vase of flowers and places them upon table; loud rap at door; Dinah opens it and finds Levay.*)

Levay. "Is Miss Morton in?"

Dinah. "Yes, sah."

Levay. "I should like to see her; I'm some what in a hurry."

Dinah. "Walk right in dis way, Mis'sr Allen."

(*Levay seated in parlor; Dinah goes after Fannie; Fannie enters, happy and smiling; Levay rises, meets her and greets her affectionately; Fannie looks at him with surprise and says*): "Are you sick, Levay?"

Levay. "No, I was never better in my life."

Fannie. "What is the matter? You are looking pale."

(*Levay takes her by the arm and leads her to a sofa, where they are seated.*)

Levay. "I've been having quite a time with your father this afternoon."

Fannie (*with surprise.*) "Nothing serious, I hope."

Levay. "He called me a whelp and all kinds of names, and finally discharged me from the office. I thought I must see you before leaving the place, so I've ventured to call."

(*Fannie clasps her hands as with grief and says:*) "Oh, Levay, what shall we do! what shall we do!"

(*She begins crying; Levay puts his arm around her, saying*): "Fannie, don't cry; its always the darkest

before day. A few years may bring great changes; we'll be married and happy some day."

(*Fannie dries her tears upon her apron, weeps, and wrings her hands.*)

(*Levay pulls a beautiful silk handkerchief from his pocket, wipes the tears from her face and says*): "This is a present I have just received from my uncle John in India. Well, I must be going. If your father knew I was here, he'd behave worse than he did at the store." (*Levay rises, bids Fannie a fond good-by.*)

Fannie. "Levay, here's your handkerchief," (*holding it toward him.*)

Levay. "Put it in your pocket, love; and when you look upon it, think of me."

(*Fannie waves handkerchief and says:*) "Remember."

Levay. "Yes, love, I'll write you soon, and Dinah will bring the letters."

(*Mr. Morton enters and says with rage*): "Levay Allen, what are you here for?"

Levay. "I came to bid Fannie good-by."

(*Dinah rushes in and says*): "For de Lord or massy, what's de matter?" (*Fannie weeping; Mr. Morton starts towards Levay; Levay coolly bows, saying:*) "Good afternoon, Mr. Morton." (*Closes the door, curtain falls.*)

ACT THIRD.

Scene Fifth.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

(*Mr. Morton's parlor; Fannie bolstered up in a big chair looking pale; Dinah stands stroking Fannie's hair.*)

Dinah. "Bad Mas'r make poor Missy cry!"

(*Fannie wringing her hands and pressing them to her head, saying*): "Oh, how I long to see my mother's face once more; and lay my aching head upon her breast. Why did the angels come and take her from my sight, while I've none to heed my sorrows!"

(*Just then little ragged Maphine enters timidly with basket upon her arm; walks slowly up to Fannie, presents her a bunch of flowers, saying*): "I wanted to bring you something; this is all I have."

(*Fannie takes the flowers, saying*): "Thank you, dear little Maphine. How's your father?"

(*Child, head down, looking sad, says*): "No better; doctor says he can't do him any good."

Fannie. "Too bad! This world is full of sorrows!"

Fannie. "Dinah, take the flowers and put them in some water."

Fannie. "Do you want some bread, Maphine?"

Child. "Yes, marm."

(*Dinah puts the flowers in water, places them upon the table.*)

Fannie. "Dinah, take Maphine's basket and fill it with victuals."

Fannie (*to child.*) "Maphine, would you like to live with me?"

Child. "Yes, marm, but I have to stay and take care of father."

Fannie. "Have you any one to help you?"

Child. "Yes, marm. Mr. and Mrs. More comes over sometimes, and Mrs. More gives me cake and pie and says I am a good girl."

(*Dinah enters with the basket and hands it to the child.*)

Child. "Thank you, Miss Morton." (*Child exit.*)

(*Dinah takes a letter from her pocket, hands it to Fannie, saying*): "Take dat, I guess 'twill doos you good."

(*Fannie opens the letter, begins reading, looks pleased; Dinah claps her hands, saying*): "Golly, hain't I glad! hain't I glad! to see poor Missy happy once more." (*Curtain falls.*)

ACT FOURTH.

Scene First.

MAPHINE'S GRANDFATHER BARTE.

(*Scene in Maphine's home; sick man upon a lounge; everything looks like poverty; room dark and gloomy; Mr. More bending over sick man on the lounge; Maphine enters, runs up to Mr. More and says*): "Is papa worse?" (*Steps to the foot of the lounge, apron up to her face.*)

Mr. More. "I can't tell you my child; he's a very sick man."

Child. "Will he die?"

(*Just then door opens; police and old gentleman enters.*)

Police. "Does Andrew Farsé live here?"

Mr. More. "Yes, sir."

Police. "Here's a gentleman who wishes to see him."

(*Mr. More raises his hand and motions silence, and says*): "He's a very sick man."

(*Police bows to old gentleman and passes out.*)

(*Old gentleman looks at Maphine and says*): "Just like my darling Mary." (*Wipes his eyes.*)

Mr. More. "Will you be seated?"

(*Old gentleman bows and says*): "Thank you; you may think it strange, my coming here just at this time; my name is William Barté, this sick man married my eldest daughter, Mary," (*with emotion*) "and a lovely girl she was." (*Wipes his eyes, saying*): "Come to grandpa, my dear child."

(*Child moves aside in a shy manner; sick man raises his head and says in a feeble tone*): "Do I hear William Barté's voice?"

Mr. More. "Be quiet, Andrew."

Sick Man. "I say do I hear Wm. Barté's voice?"

(*Mr. Barte steps up to the bed and says*): "Andrew, I've found you at last; I'd almost given up the search; but, finally, with the aid of the police, I've found you."

(*Sick man, with choking sobs, says*): "Father Barté, I'm near death's door; can you forgive me for the wrongs I've done you and your child, that I may die in peace? Mary was a kind and affectionate wife."

Mr. Barte. "Yes, Andrew, she was a dutiful daughter and affectionate wife. I hope and trust she has passed beyond the scenes of sorrow."

Sick Man. "Oh, had I heeded her good advice, I would have shunned the road that led to poverty and despair!"

(*Sick man falls back on his pillow exhausted; Mr. Barte walks the room as one in deep meditation; Mrs. More enters and enquires after the sick man, sits down in a chair; Maphine walks timidly up to her, lays her head upon her shoulder and sobs; Mrs. More puts her arm around the child, and kisses her, saying*): "Don't cry, my dear, you're a good little girl."

Sick Man. "Where is father Barté, bring him to my bed that I may see him once more."

(*Mr. Barte steps to the bed and says*): "Andrew, what can I do for you?"

Sick Man. "Nothing, nothing: I ask not for sym-

pathy; I'm not worthy of it; whiskey and bad associates have been my ruin; death will soon claim me as his own, while my child is left without friends or home; only the sad recollections of a drunkard's home. (*Breaks down with emotion, finally rallys and says*): "Can you, will you, promise care and protection?"

Mr. Barte (*with emotion.*) "I promise, before God and man, to take the dear child to my heart and home, as my own, for the love I cherish for her mother."

Sick Man. "May God reward you, is my prayer; I die in peace." (*He immediately expires; all are in tears. Curtain falls.*)

ACT FOURTH.

Scene Second.

LEAVING THE OLD HOME.

(*Scene at Maphine's home; room without furniture, large trunk standing in middle of room; Mr. and Mrs. More, Mr. Barte and Maphine all enter; Maphine in a new suit.*)

Mr. More. "Well, Mr. Barté, I don't see as there's anything more you can do; you have given him a decent burial, and as to the child, she is worthy of your love and protection."

Maphine. "Grandpa, can't I come here some time and put flowers on poor papa's grave?" (*has her handkerchief up to her face crying.*)

Mr. Barte. "Yes, my dear."

Mrs. More. "Mr. Barté, do let Maphine come and make us a visit, some time. I've always loved the child ever since her mother died; and I'm so thankful she's a good home; she's had her share of care and

sorrow."

(*Hackman enters and asks about the trunk, then takes it out; Mr. Barte shakes hands with Mr. and Mrs. More saying*): "Now, Mr. More, take your wife and come and see us."

(*All start towards the door; Maphine stops, puts her arms around Mrs. More's neck, kisses her and says*): "Good-bye," (*turns around, says very sadly*): "Must I leave my old home?" (*Mr. Barte takes her by the hand and hurries her from the room. Curtain falls.*)

ACT FIFTH.

Scene First.

THE LEGACY.

(*Scene in Mr. Morton's dining room; Fannie sits reading; Dinah sitting near by; Fannie looks up with surprise and says*): "Dinah, you don't want a party."

Dinah. "Yes, Missy, I mean to 'vite Sambo Johnson, Rosana Perry, and Doff Waite."

Fannie. "Is that all?"

Dinah. "Yes, Missy, dat be's good party."

Fannie. "I'll ask papa when he comes, and, if he says so, you can have it."

Dinah (*laughing.*) "Don't we fool him 'bout de letters? I spec's he kotch me, some time."

(*Mr. Morton enters with newspaper in his hand; looks pleased; Fannie and Dinah laughing.*)

Mr. Morton. "Seems to me you are having a very good time, what is it so funny?"

Fannie. "Dinah wants a party; that is, she wants to invite Sambo Johnson, Rosana Perry and Doff

Waite; can she invite them to come Saturday night?"

Mr. Morton. "Dinah, you don't want a party."

Dinah. "Yes, Mas'r I do, I wants to 'vite my sweetheart."

Mr. Morton. "Dinah, you're the bother of my life; will that stop your teasing?"

Dinah. "Yes, Mas'r."

Mr. Morton. "Very well, you can ask them to come; and don't let me hear any more about parties."

(*Mr. Morton sits down and begins reading the paper, Fannie and Dinah talks about what Dinah will wear to the party. Dinah says:*) "I say I'll wear my yellow gown, but Missie, how shall I fix dis wool of mine?"

Fannie. "Oh, wear a yellow bow."

(*Dinah looks coaxingly and says:*) "Missie, can I hab a bit ob blue ribbon to tie round my waist?"

(*Mr. Morton looks up from his paper with surprise and says*): "How strange! some people are born to good luck; there's Levay Allen, seems to prosper in everything he undertakes."

(*Fannie looks up with a cunning smile and says:*) "Not in choosing a wife!"

Mr. Morton. "He's turned out very different from what I supposed he would; lets see, it's nearly two years since he left my place. I see by this paper he's a fortune coming; a legacy from his uncle who lately died in New York."

(*Fannie jumps up and says*): "I'm glad of that; papa, please read it."

(*Mr. Morton reads*): "New York, Sept. 10. Entered for probate, the last will and testament of the late Levay Arnold, by the executor, James Brown. Mr. Arnold was a very eccentric old gentleman, who resid-

ed in New York over half a century. It is evident the bulk of his large estate goes to his nephew, Levay Allen of Newport."

(*Mr. Morton sits without speaking for a short time, then says*): "I guess he'll come out ahead of all the young men in town, after all."

Fannie "I've always told you so, papa."

Mr. Morton. "Yes, you've always clung to him like the bark to a tree."

Fannie (*laughing, says*): "We are to be married, soon."

Mr. Morton. "You don't mean it, Fannie,"

Fannie. "Yes, I do, we are already engaged."

Mr. Morton. "If that's the case, don't be running off to get married; for I suppose you'll marry him after all."

(*Fire alarm; bells ring; Fannie jumps up and says*): "Fire!" (*all rush for the door. Curtain falls.*)

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE SECOND.

DINAH'S PARTY.

(*Scene in Mr. Morton's kitchen; Fannie Morton and Helen Jones stand looking in the door; Dinah and Rosana Perry dressed gaudily; Sambo and Doff very high collars. Three take hold of hands; Dinah in the ring; dance around as the curtain rises, all sing*):

"On the carpet here we stand,
Take your true lub by the hand,
Take de one dat you lub best
Before you close your eyes to rest."

(*Dinah chooses Sambo; commences singing*]:

"What a buful choice you made,
Don't you wish you longer stay,
Gib her a kiss and send her away
And tell her she can no longer stay."

Sambo kisses Dinah and sings; to tune of Lucy Long):

"I lub my Dinah best of all,
She is de gal for me;
Oh, how I lubs my Dinah,
No gal so sweet as she."

(*Doff Waite sings, to same air*):

"Sambo lubs his Dinah,
An' dat am berry nice;
But gib me my Rosanna
For my deary, deary wife."

(*Sambo and Doff sing together, Sambo singing Dinah's name; Doff Rosanna's*

Sambo { O Dinah, Dinah, } darlin',
Doff { Rosanna, Rosanna, }
When will you marry me;
For your de sweetest darlin'
Dat eber I did see."

Banjo plays, all dance. Curtain falls.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene Third.

MARRIAGE OF FANNY MORTON.

(*Mr. Morton's parlor, new and richly furnished. The minister and a few friends standing. The bridal party enter, take their places in front of minister. Levay on right hand, Fannie on the left. Minister reads from Episcopal Marriage Service*): "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is commended of Saint Paul to be honorable among all men: and therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined; if any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace. (*and also speaking unto the persons who are to be married.*) I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgement when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye shall not be lawfully joined in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful."

(*The minister shall say to the man*): "Levay, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

(*The man shall answer*): "I will."

"Fannie, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

(*The woman shall answer*): "I will."

(*Then shall the minister say*): "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

(*The minister receives the woman at her father's hands, causes the man with his right hand to take the woman by her right hand and to say after him the following*): "I, Levay, take thee, Fannie, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and, thereto, I plight thee my troth."

(*Then shall they loose hands and the woman with her right hand taking the man by his right hand shall likewise say after the minister*): "I, Fannie, take thee Levay to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

(*Then again loose hands, and the man shall give the*

woman a ring, and the minister taking the ring shall deliver it to the man, to put upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, and the man holding the ring there, and shall say): "With this ring, I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

(*And the minister shall say):* "Let us pray."

"Our, Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind. Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life; send thy blessing upon these thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in thy name; that, as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made, (whereof this ring given and received is a token and pledge,) and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to thy laws; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

(*Then shall the minister join their right hands together and say):* "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

(*Then shall the minister speak unto the company):* "Forasmuch as Levay and Fannie have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth, each to the other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring, and by joining hands; I pronounce that they are man and wife, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and

of the Holy Ghost. Amen." (*And the minister shall add this blessing*):

"God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with his favour look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen."

(*Guests congratulate the wedded pair. Curtain falls.*)

ACT FIFTH.

Scene Fourth.

FIVE YEARS WEDDED.

(*Scene in Mr. Morton's richly furnished parlor; Fannie and Levay seated and looking happy.*)

Fannie. "Isn't it a pity about George Evans drinking so; I feel sorry for Helen; I don't suppose she ever thought of his being a drunkard; there's no safety for our friends and neighbors short of prohibition."

Levay. "It will finally come to it."

(*Dinah enters with a card and hands it to Fannie; Fannie reads aloud*): "Miss Maphine Farsé."

(*Fannie rises saying*): "Show her right in here."

(*Dinah passes out, and returns with a well-dressed, stately looking young lady, who recognizes Fannie; Fannie shakes hands and introduces her husband. All sit.*)

Maphine. "Grandpa and I are stopping at the Atlantic House for a few weeks; and, as I hoped you'd not forgotten me, I thought I'd call."

Fannie. "I'm glad to see you; it does one good to meet old friends. I didn't know as I'd ever see you again; you have changed very much since I saw you last."

Maphine. "Yes, I was nothing but a child then; yet I've not forgotten my old friends; by the way, what's become of that Miss Jones?"

Fannie. "Married to that George Evans; poor girl, I pity her!"

Maphine. "I used to think he was quite a gentleman."

Levay. "Miss Farsé, your grandfather must be getting along in years."

Maphine. "Yes, he's over sixty; and thinks I must go everywhere he does." (*Fannie, laughing,*) "He likes good company." (*all laugh; Levay gets up in a hurry, saying*): "I must go to the office and see what's going on there." (*Passes out.*)

Fannie. "You remember Dinah?"

Maphine. "Was that she that came to the door?"

Fannie. "Yes, she's much fleshier than she used to be."

Maphine. "I should say so; how long have you been married, Mrs. Allen?"

Fannie. "A little over five years."

Maphine. "Have you any children?"

Fannie. "Yes, I've two, a boy and a girl; I'll have Dinah bring them in so you can see them."

Maphine. "I'll see them some other time as I'm somewhat in a hurry."

Fannie. "Must you be going?"

Maphine. "Yes, I've a carriage waiting at the door."

Fannie. "Do come over often so as to renew our acquaintance."

(*Maphine gets up and starts. Curtain falls.*)

ACT FIFTH.

Scene Fifth.

FANNIE ALLEN'S TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

(*Scene in the Morton parlor; Fannie and her two children seated; boy sixteen, girl eighteen years old; Leray enters with Maphine and a fine looking gentleman; Maphine introduces her husband, Mr. Born; Fannie rises, and gives them a warm reception.*)

Leray. "I'm much surprised and pleased to have you call this evening; for it's our twentieth anniversary."

Maphine. "Is it possible?"

Fannie. "Yes, and some how, I'm feeling sad."

Mr. Born. "Mrs. Allen, you should not feel sad such a night as this."

Fannie. "I know I ought not; but then, it brings a train of thoughts; I can't help thinking of the changes twenty years have wrought."

Leray. "Changes come in spite of us."

Mr. Born. "That is so, Mr. Allen."

Fannie. "You see, father's been dead over ten years; and here are our rosebuds;" (*pointing to the children.*) "Now look at our frost bitten locks, yet our hearts have ever been warm; and, as to-night is our anniversary, let me show you a little token of true love." (*All clap their hands and say*): "Yes, we all want to see it."

(*Fannie leaves the room for a few seconds, returns with a large silk handkerchief; waves it as she enters, saying*): "This is an emblem of union—union of hearts. I well remember the day it was hemmed; there was a tear to every stitch; I've always cherished it next to the dear old flag."

(*Levay steps up to his wife and says*): "My dear, as you are feeling sad, let me sing you a song."

(*All say*): "Do give us the song."

(*Levay sings*): "None So Fondly Loved As You."

NONE SO FONDLY LOVED AS YOU.

As fond memory brings to view,
The scenes of many years ago,
The oak, the willow by the spring,
How oft we've swung upon their limbs;
When ivy 'round the oak did twine,
And true hearts beat in love's own time.

CHORUS.

Darling ever true, none I love but you;
Darling ever true, none so fondly loved as you.

I've picked up acorns filled with dew,
With my darling ever kind and true;
Oftimes we roamed the meadows through
And plucked wild roses wet with dew.
Where ivy 'round the oak did climb,
And true hearts beat in love's own time.

CHORUS.

Oftimes we've loitered near the brook,
And gathered ferns from every nook;
And some times in those happy hours,
We wandered through the fields of flowers.
When ivy 'round the oak did twine,
And true hearts beat in love's dear time.

CHORUS.

I see in dreams the rocks, and rill
That gently flowed beside the hill;
As I listened to the whip-poor will,
Those happy days they haunt me still.
When ivy 'round the oak doth climb
And true hearts beat in love's sweet time.

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